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"WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT!"

ALICE M. GUERNSEY

IT is fitting that from year to year of the Woman's Home Missionary Society we should look back along the path of our progress, while realizing with increased thankfulness and new consecration that it is "not by might, nor by power," but by the Spirit of the Lord of Hosts that the work has been accomplished.

In June of 1880 a little company of women sent out from Cincinnati, O., a bugle call to the women of Methodism: "They need our help—the girls in the cabins of the Southland. For the uplift of the Negro race there must be the uplift of their homes. We must give industrial training that the daughters may do that which the mothers cannot do. They must learn housekeeping, home-making, and sewing the while they study from books. Ethiopia in our very midst stretches out her hands for help."

How the womanhood of the church re-

sponded let the records of to-day bear witness. From more than a score of industrial homes and schools in the South alone thousands of trained workers, both black and white, have gone out as teachers, home-makers, glad exponents of the courage and faith that opened for them a new world of life and effort. In the wilds of Africa abroad, as well as in the slums of Africa at home, they are proving that there is no home and no foreign missionary work, but that the two are "one in Christ Jesus."

Soon other calls sounded in the ears of those who were "following the gleam" of God's eternal purposes. As rapidly as the means came—aye, even in advance of the means, because it was unmistakably the call of God—other industrial homes were established. Who can measure the influence for civilization and Christianity of the Jesse Lee Home in Alaska, of the home and schools in Porto Rico, or of any or all of the score of similar homes maintained by Methodist womanhood for the women and children of destitute races placed in our care through the providence of God?

During this quarter century the great problems of our cities multiplied rapidly, taxing the wisdom of America's wisest statesmen, and the resources of her most generous philanthropy. What could a handful of women do to help? What but that which woman has been doing wherever she has been free to live out God's plan for her? Up and down the narrow alleys, the steep and broken stairways of the slums, pass the tireless feet of the messengers of hope. Tender, womanly hands smooth the pillows of the sick and the dying; low voices, carrying promise and cheer in their very tones, tell of

Him whose coming was the renaissance of womanhood and childhood. And those hands are no less tender when they scrub a floor in exemplification of the gospel of cleanliness, or, better still, teach wife and mother, heart-broken and discouraged, how to do it herself; and, by the same token, how to make her home a symbol of the heavenly home whose story has been to her but the babbling of an unknown tongue until interpreted through the ministrations of the deaconess.

"What hath God wrought!" We say it in reverent surprise as we realize the splendid possibilities of the training schools for missionaries and deaconesses that he has enabled the Woman's Home Missionary Society to establish. Is it the knowledge of the Word of God and ability to use it effectively that these workers need? Is it a comprehensive course in sociology, with the practical training that teaches to give without pauperizing, to elevate while tearing down? Is it the "enduement of power" that comes not only from personal consecration, but from the reaction of mind upon mind when each is intent upon service for God and humanity? All these, and very much more, are waiting for her who seeks them. The fields are "white to the harvest" and "he that reapeth receiveth wages."

At the gateways of the nation, welcoming hands, commissioned by this Society, meet the strangers in a strange land, bringing to them help and cheer, as well as safety for unprotected girlhood and womanhood. In hospitals and dispensaries the sick are cared for and deaconess nurses are trained. In homes for the homeless the waifs of the street find the love

and care of which they have never dreamed. Through the darkness of Mormonism the light shines from our signal stations of hope and prophecy.

On the outposts of the land, in the far-away frontier appointments, God's heroes—men and women—are making possible a Christian civilization in the near future. To these are sent, year after year, the barrels and boxes of supplies from Home Missionary auxiliaries, without which many must have given up in despair.

And is this all? Nay, "time would fail to tell of" the work done and being done by this society of mother-hearts. And not least among its results are the benefits to its own workers. "What hath God wrought" in the hearts of the women who have listened to this call for service! What of strengthening of faith, of broadening of vision, of increased consecration, of greater courage and clearer insight and wiser judgment! What has he given through that sweetest of all friendships, the communion of souls interested together in work for him! How has he taught the possibilities of childhood and youth when trained for him through Home Missionary service! How has he raised up friends for the work, and even "made the wrath of man to praise him"!

Oh, the years are a time of blessed service! The only shadow upon its radiant joy to-day is the loss sustained by those who have failed to hear the call, and so have missed this opportunity of being coworkers with God.

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